

Wiz Khalifa, Homicide (Remix)

I bought a whole O to smoke
I'm riding high
My niggas with me, they down to ride
I got my change up, they looking like they surprised
Got niggas hatin' on me hard cause my paper right
Money from the floor way up to the sky
Now they wanna know and they wonder why
I got my wings when I was young so I tend to fly
I put my chain on, they saying it's homicide
And I'm killin' 'em, it's homicide
I'm killin' 'em, it's homicide

It ain't even fair
Got the Mazi' out, look like Nicki here
White drop head, call it white chalk
Burgundy insides, 57 sauce
And nigga I'm killin' 'em, bring the body bags
Count a million, fill the body bag
In my murder coupe, call it toe tag
Spend a grip nigga, call me 4 Jags
And nigga I'm killin' 'em, call a murder case
Got my Rolli' on, got the murder face
Roll another blunt, dust my shoulders off
Niggas hatin' Young, watch me shake 'em off

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With black on black cars coming through
Presidential shit, tints on the whip
So dark can't see who riding in that bitch
Suits and tie's no questions why
Somebody get a box ready for these guys
No four door, had the coupe that ride
That eagle right here if you wanna feel fly
No games though, no names spoke
This crack right here, cocaine flow
I don't know what you doing but I'm paid bro
Yeah I pitch that 9 like pedro

Stuck in the car with my nigga I'm ready to ride
We on our way to the top, watch that paper rise

Keep telling everybody what you gonna do
Middle finger like fuck what you going through
All I know is that money that I'm going to
And them gang boys wanna bore you

Like wassup cause I told you
Just money in the pocket, fold you
T-A-Y-L-O-R G-A-N-G Gang

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First 48, first 48
Took out 50 racks and blew the first 48
I ain't worried about spending bread cause I got more to make
Soon as they see that Maserati they gone surely hate
Hundred for a show, can you afford a date
And that's just one show, imagine what my tour gon make?
Police ran up on my tour bus
But hey my niggas more money more problems
More lawyers on the case
Niggas at the Grammys
I was at the crib working
Heard they little diss but I'm just being the big person
Never been trained, still my aim near perfect
Everything I spits murder, bow!

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